

**TERROR**



NO. 38  
OCT. - NOV.

# TALES



10¢

FROM THE

# CRYPT

**FEATURING**



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER





# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEN, HEH, WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS... YOU'RE EITHER *FANS* OR *FRIENDS* FOR PLUNKIN' DOWN GOOD U.S. DUMP-RENTS FOR THIS BEERIN' MAG. IN ANY CASE... *GREETINGS SHOULD!* WELCOME, ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR... TO THE FRIGHT PAGE OF THIS... THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG, I'M READY TO START OFF THE EVIL FESTIVITIES WITH AN ODD TALE TOLD TO ME BY AN ODD TELLER OF ANY TALE... A *FRUNK*. LISTEN, NOW, TO THE STEAMER'S OWN BOREAL-STORY, WHICH IT CALLS...

## TIGHT GRIP!



THE LAYERS OF DUST THAT HAD SETTLED UPON ME OVER THE YEARS HAVE BEEN SCRUBBED AWAY, AND NOW I LIE UPON WILMA'S BEDROOM FLOOR. MY LID FLUNG WIDE, TAWNING HAPPILY AND THALLDONTING THE NEATLY FOLDED CLOTHES SHE IS BUSILY PACKING INTO MY INSIDES. I FEEL CLEAN AND FRESH AND NEW AND ALIVE AGAIN AFTER LYING DEAD FOR SO LONG IN THE GLENT LITTERED ATTIC. AND THERE IS A JOY WITHIN ME THAT MINORS WILMA'S JOY. FOR TODAY, WILMA IS TO BE MARRIED...

TUM-TH-TUM-TH-TYE-OYE-DEM  
OH, YES, FEEVES, WHAT IS IT?

MR. ROOSEWELL IS  
HERE, MRS WILMA...



WILMA IS LIKE A CHILD AGAIN AS SHE FLITS ABOUT HER BEDROOM SINGING RAPIDLY... THE CHILD I *KNEW* WHO USED TO STEAL UP TO THE ATTIC WHEN WE WERE *BOTH* NO FINGER AND FEET *JINGLE* ME AND FINGER THE OLD LACE AND CLOTH THAT HAD BEEN STORED IN ME AND FORGOTTEN...

CARL? OH... HE'S *EARLY*? I'M NOT EVEN *READY*? SHOW HIM *MY* JEWELS.

YES, MA'AM



YES, I AM AN OLD THING. I WAS WITH WILMA'S PARENTS ON THEIR *HONEYMOON*. I WAS *AFR*, THEN AND I CARRIED THEIR BELONGINGS WHEN THEY MOVED *HERE*... TO *THIS HOUSE* AND THEN I WAS PUT *AWAY*, UP *THERE*, WHERE ALL I COULD DO WAS *WAIT* AND *LISTEN* AND *HOPE* *OLD*...

CARL, CARL... CARL...

WILMA, MY PET



I HEARD MANY THINGS WHILE I LAY THERE LATHERING GUSTS IN MY ATTIC GRAVE. I HEARD THE LUSTY CRY OF THE NEW-BORN INFANT NAMED WILMA. I HEARD HER CHILDISH VOICE AS SHE SCAMPED ABOUT DOWNSTAIRS AND I SAW HER WHEN SHE CAME TO ME AND PLAYED WITH ME AND LAUGHED GAILY.

ALMOST *PACKED* WILMA, DEAR?

ALMOST, CARL...



AND I LOVED HER. EVEN *AFTER* SHE'D *SHOWN* AND NO LONGER *CAME* TO ME AND SEARCHED MY CONTENTS AND TRIED ON MY SHAWLS AND DRESSES AND SCARFS. I LOVED HER. EVEN WHEN ALL I COULD DO WAS *LIE* THERE AND *LISTEN* TO HER... *BELOW*... LISTEN TO HER FOOTSTEPS GOING *HEAVY* WITH THE *FEARS*, AND HER MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS *DIS-*APPEAR WITH THEIR *DEATHS*...

I'VE CALLED THE *JUSTICE* OF THE *PEACE* AND HE'S *WAITING* FOR US. THE *RESERVATIONS* AT THE *HOTEL* ARE *SET*...

OH, CARL, I'M SO *NEEDY*? I CAN *SCARCELY* *PAGE*...



AND I FELT HER YOUTH PASS AS SHE FELT IT PASS. AND I *PRAYED* AS SHE *PRAYED*... THAT SHE WAS *NOT* DESTINED TO A... LIFE OF *LONGEVITY*... THAT SHE WOULD *MEET* SOMEONE AND HE WOULD *ASK* HER TO BE HIS *WIFE*. AND *NOW* OUR *PRAYERS*, WILMA'S AND MINE, HAD COME *TRUE*...

*HERE*... LET ME! YOU DO NOT *NEED* ME! I'LL *FINISH* UP...

YES, OH, DEAR... I HOPE I HAVEN'T *FORGOTTEN* ANYTHING...



JUST ONE THING THOUGH... ONE THING THAT *BOTHERS* ME... ONE THING THAT *SPOILS* THE JOY I FEEL... *THIS MAN*... *THIS CARL ROOSEVELT*... *THIS MAN* WHO EVEN NOW ANXIOUSLY STUFFS THE LAST FEW ARTICLES OF WILMA'S NEWLY-PURCHASED TROUSSEAU INTO ME. I AM *AFRAID* OF THIS MAN.

ARE YOU *READY* TO *GO*, WILMA?

READY, CARL?



I FEEL HIS ROUGH HANDS UPON MY LIP, SLAMMING IT DOWN, AND I WHINE... *NOT* WITH *PAIN*, *NOT* FROM *THE HOUSE*... I WHINE WITH *FEAR*. THERE IS SOMETHING *ABOUT* THIS MAN. SOMETHING... *TERRIFYING*...

LET'S *GO*, THEN...

YOU *RARE*, WAGNET?

CARRY MY *TRUNKS* OUT TO THE *CAR*, JEEVES?



NOW JEEVES IS COMING TOWARDS ME AND I FEEL MYSELF BEING LIFTED AND CARRIED.

NEARLY HEAVEN?

NOT VERY, MA'AM.



AND SUDDENLY I FEEL THE WARM SUN UPON ME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIRTY-NINE YEARS...

JUST TUCK IT ON THE BACK SEAT THERE, JEEVES.

YES, MR. NORWELL.



AND AS CAR DOORS SLAM AND THE MOTOR ROARS, I SMILE HAPPILY. MY FEARS FORGOTTEN.

GOOD-BYE, JEEVES.

GOOD-BYE, MRS. WILMA. GOOD LUCK! HAVE A HAPPY HONEYMOON.



I SIT CONTENTELY, FEELING OF THE SILK AND LACE AND FLAMBY THINGS INSIDE ME AND THE WIND UPON ME AS WE SPEED SOUTH... WILMA, AND I, AND THE BOY.

HAPPY, DARLING?

VERY.



AND THEN WE STOP AND WILMA AND CARL LEAP FROM THE CAR AND HURRY, SIGLING UP A FLOWERED WALK. AND I SEE THE SIGN AND HEAR THE WELCOMING VOICE OF THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

RIGHT ON TIME. COME IN, COME IN.



I WAIT, DREAMING, AND AFTER A WHILE WILMA AND CARL COME OUT, AND THERE IS A BARD OF GOLD ON WILMA'S THIRD FINGER OF HER LEFT HAND AND I KNOW THAT SHE AND THE MAN ARE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

GOO BLESS YOU, AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU BOTH.

THANKS.

BYE.



AND NOW IT IS EVENING, AND THE SKY GROWS DARK. WE PULL OFF THE HIGHWAY INTO A ROAD LEADING TO A VINE-COVERED HOTEL... WILMA AND CARL'S HONEYMOON HOTEL.

IT'S A DARLING SPOT, CARL?

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, WILMA!



STRANGE HANDS PULL ME FROM THE CAR, CARRY ME ACROSS THE HOTEL LOBBY, AND DROP ME TO THE FLOOR BEFORE THE ELEVATOR, AND I LISTEN TO THE SCRATCHING OF THE PEN AS CARL REWRITES...

MR. AND MRS. CARL ROSSELL. LOOKS SO GOOD, EX. MONEY?

IT LOOKS WONDERFUL, CARLING.



NOW WE ARE ALONE... WILMA AND I AND CARL. ALONE IN THIS HOTEL SUITE. AND SUDDENLY THAT FEAR IS BACK AGAIN. THAT FEAR OF THIS MAN WHO HAS TAKEN MY WILMA AS HIS BRIDE.

FRED, DEAR?

VERY...



WILMA'S NERVOUS FINGERS LIFT MY LID AND SHE PUMMERS THROUGH ME, LIFTING OUT HER PRETTIEST GOWN. FOR THIS IS THE NIGHT WE'VE BOTH DREAMED OF... WILMA'S FLOODING RIGHT...

WILMA?

YES, CARL? WHAT?



CARL STARES BEFORE WILMA, THE GLASSING AND THAT HE'S JUST TAKEN FROM HIS BRIDE IN HIS HAND.

CARL? THAT ARE...

I'M GOING TO FILL YOU, WILMA...



CARL? YOU'RE JOOKING?

YOU'RE A FOOL, WILMA! DID YOU REALLY THINK I COULD LOVE YOU? DID YOU THINK I'M ALMOST FORTY I'M TWENTY-SEVEN IT WASN'T FOR, WILMA! IT WAS YOUR MONEY.



I PLANNED ALL THIS, WILMA. PLANNED IT CARL. FULLY. YOU'RE GOING TO GET RICH. WE'VE CONFIRMED TO YOUR ROOM. AND ALL THE WHILE, I'LL BE GETTING RID OF YOUR BODY PIECE BY PIECE. AND WHEN IT'S ALL BEEN DISPOSED OF, I'M GOING TO SAY YOU RAN AWAY... THAT WHEN I WOKED UP, YOU WERE GONE. AND THE POLICE WILL LOOK FOR YOU AND THEY WON'T FIND YOU. AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE MINE.



THEY ARE BLAZE CUTE WILMA'S SCREAM FOR HELP SHORT AS CARL BRINGS IT DOWN UPON HER BLANCHED FACE...

NO, CARL! NO! YAA... OH...

YES, WILMA



I AM EMPTY NOW. CARL HAS STRIPPED ME OF MY CONTENTS...THE NEWLY-FURNISHED LINEN...THE SHOES...THE DRESSES. I LIE BESIDE THE BATH-ROOM DOOR, MY LID WIDE, WAITING... LISTENING IN HOPE FOR AN CARL. DISMEMBERS WILMA'S BODY WHERE HE'S CARRIED IT. IN THE TUB.



EH, EH, EH

THERE IS A SADNESS IN ME SOMEWHERE...DEEP IN THE WOODGRAINS, IN THE METAL REINFORCEMENTS, IN THE LEATHERETTE THAT COVERS ME...THERE IS A CRYING, AND A SADNESS AND AN ANGER. I FEARED THIS MAN. I FEARED FOR WILMA. NOW SHE LIES DEAD, BEING RENT ASUNDER BY THIS MAD MANIAC. SUDDENLY, I DESPISE HIM... DESPISE HIM WITH EVERY NUT AND SCREW IN MY BODY...

INTO THE TRUNK YOU GO.



I RECALL AS THE DISMEMBERED SECTION OF WILMA'S ONCE PROUD BODY DROPPED INSIDE ME, AND I FEEL ITS SOFTNESS AND THE FLUID THAT FLOWS FROM IT. I SLAM MY LID DOWN IN FRONT AND LOATHING AND



POOFEEEE

BAM

AND SUDDENLY, AND MY SADNESS, THERE IS GLEE. I HAVE HUNT THE MADMAN WHO HAS TAKEN MY LOVED ONE FROM ME. I CAN HURT HIM AGAIN...

BLASTED @W@! TRUNK! STAY OPEN, BLAST YOU!



ANOTHER PART OF WILMA IS TOSSED WITHIN ME AND AGAIN I SLAM MY LID SHUT UPON HIS CURSED BLOODY PAN...



P-P-P-P-P

WHAM

NOW CARL HAS JAMMED A STICK INTO MY MOUTH... FORCING MY LID TO STAY OPEN, PREVENTING ME FROM HURTING HIM, BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. I WILL WAIT. HE FILLS ME WITH WILMA'S SEVERED REMAINS AND I ENRAGE THEM LOVINGLY...



THERE! DONE! NOW TO SHUT AND LOCK IT, AND CLEAN UP THE PLACE

I LIE LOCKED, WAITING...THE SLIMY SPUR INSIDE ME. I LISTEN AS CARL PAGES DOWN TO THE DESK

MY WIFE DOESN'T FEEL WELL. I WONDER IF YOU COULD SERVE OUR MEALS IN OUR ROOM. SHE WANTS TO REMAIN IN BED. AND...OH, PLEASE, LEAVE WORD WITH THE CHAMBERMAID THAT WE ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED



CARL IS **OLEVER... VERY** OLEVER. HE HAS TAKEN PILLOWS AND LAID THEM NEATLY UPON THE BED AND COVERED THEM WITH BLANKETS SO THAT IT APPEARS AS IF **WILMA LIES THERE**.

YOUR DINNER, MR. ROSWELL... OH, THANK YOU DINNER, MRS. ROSWELL IS ASLEEP IN THERE.



AND EVERY SO OFTEN, HE COMES TO ME AND UNLOCKS ME AND REMOVES A DISMEMBERED SECTION OF WILMA'S BODY AND WRAPS IT CAREFULLY IN THE PAPER HE'S BROUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE AND GOES OUT FOR A **WALK**.

LOSER! OUF, MR. ROSWELL, HOW'S MRS. ROSWELL? MUCH BETTER. REMEMBER, SHE'S NOT TO BE OUT-TURNED!



AND NO ONE SUSPECTS THE PLOT! ONLY I KNOW THE GRISLY TRUTH. THE DAYS PASS, THE PARTS INSIDE ME ARE SLOWLY **DISAPPEARING**, AND I GROW **DESPERATE**. I MUST **IMMEDIATELY** THIS PLOT, **EXPOSE HIM**.

OK, TIME FOR ANOTHER **WALK**. I'LL... I'LL... WHAT THE...



CARL STRUGGLES WITH THE LOCK BUT I HAVE JAMMED IT WELL. HE CHARGES, KICKS ME.



THE BELLBOY ARRIVES WITH HIS DOLLY, AND I FEEL MYSELF LIFTED AND FEEL WILMA'S DIED AND RIGID REMAINS DRIFT WITHIN ME.

TAKE IT DOWN TO THE **EXPRESS OFFICE**, SON. HERE'S THE ADDRESS IT GOES TO... YES, SIR.



BUT MY LOCK HOLDS FAST. AND NOW CARL IS **DESPERATE**. THIS WILL CALL FOR A **CHANGE OF PLANS**. I LISTEN AS HE PHONES...



OK, **DEAR** OH, WILL YOU **SEND UP A BOX?** MY WIFE IS FEELING BETTER NOW AND WE'LL BE **CHECKING OUT** IN THE MORNING. WE HAVE A **FIXING** UP HERE WE'D LIKE TO **SEND ON AHEAD**...





THE LOBBY OF THIS PLEASO HOMETOWN HOTEL REVERBERATES WITH SCREAMS AS I SPILL FORTH MY BLOOD-STAINED GORY CONTENTS UPON THE PULCHRY CARPETED FLOOR.



AND UP ABOVE, CARL HEARS THE SCREAMS AND KNOWS THAT THE TRUTH IS OUT THAT HIS HORROROUS DEED HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, AND HE MAKES HIS EXIT...



AND NOW IT IS FOUR YEARS LATER. ONCE MORE I LIE IN DARKNESS BATHING BIST...



I LIE IN A WAREHOUSE WHERE THE POLICE HAVE BROUGHT ME UNTIL THEY CAN CATCH CARL AND BRING HIM TO TRIAL. AND PUT ME UP AS 'EXHIBIT A'.



I LIE THROUGH THE YEARS AND I WAIT. BUT NO ONE COMES FOR ME. NO ONE COMES TO TAKE ME OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT. AND I GROW ANGRY AND HUNGER FOR REVENGE. MORE AND MORE REVENGE.



VOICES, VOICES IN THE DARKNESS. AND ONE VOICE IS FAMILIAR. TWO SHADOWS WITH GLEAMING FLAME-LIGHTS MOVE TOWARD ME WHERE I LIE AMONG WARDROBES OF MEN COATS AND BOXES OF STOLEN ARTICLES THAT THE POLICE HAVE RECOVERED AND ARE HOLDING FOR THEIR CLAIMANTS.



THAT NAME. THAT VOICE. FOR FOUR YEARS I HAVE WAITED, STILL FEELING WILMA'S GORY REMAINS WITHIN ME. STILL HATING. STILL PRAYING FOR REVENGE. AND NOW, CARL ROSENTHAL IS HERE. BESIDE ME. I BRUSH...



THE BOXES POLED UPON ME TUM-  
BLE WITH A CLATTER TO THE  
FLOOR. SOMEWHERE A VOICE  
CALLS OUT.



I FEEL ROUGH HANDS UPON MY  
LID. FAMILIAR ROUGH HANDS...  
CARL'S HANDS. HE SWINGS ME  
OPEN, STEPS INTO ME, AND I SWAL-  
LOW HIM GREEDILY.



HE BRINGS THE LID DOWN... CRASHING  
SILENTLY. BESIDE ME, LISTENING.



THE FOOTSTEPS DISAPPEAR. CARL TRIES TO OPEN THE  
LID. BUT I HAVE HIM NOW. I WON'T LET HIM GO. I  
AM MY LOCK... LISTENING TO HIM STRUGGLE.



CHOKES... I'M SUFFOCATING  
IN HERE, WILLY GET ME  
OUT. QUICK

BUT WILLY DOESN'T ANSWER. WILLY HAS RUN OFF,  
LEAVING CARL TO HIS FATE. CARL SAYS, THE AIR  
GROWS THIN. FINALLY, IN DESPERATION HE PULLS  
HIS LID, FIRING IT THROUGH MY LOCKS...



SAYS, NEED AIR... SAYS, BETTER  
TO... CHOKES... CHANGE BEING URGENT  
THAN

AND NOW I TAKE MY REVENGE. I BREATHE DEEP AND THEN EXHALE. I  
SCREAM ALL OF THE HATE AND LOATHING AND DESIRE FOR REVENGE  
WITHIN ME. AND **CRASHING**, MY **SHOES CLOSE DOWN** AND MY **TOP**  
**SPRINKLES DOWN** AND I GROW **SMALL** AND CARL SCREAMS UNTIL HE CAN  
NOT SCREAM ANY MORE AND HIS FLESH OOOES FROM THE BULLET HOLES  
LIKE GEMS FROM A JEWELER'S DECORATING BAG. AND WHEN THEY COME, THEY  
FIND ME... A TINY BOX WITH A MOLD OF COMPRESSED BONE INSIDE ME AND  
A THOUSAND YARDS OF FLESH-RIBBON AROUND ME...



CHOKES...

NEVER! YEP, KIDNOS. WILMA'S  
OLD TRUCK SHUT CARL UP ALL RIGHT,  
ANYBODY CARE FOR A FOOT SQUARE  
BONE CUBE? IF YOU COULD FIND A  
MATE FOR IT, YOU COULD MARK 'EM  
WITH SPOTS AND HAVE A **PIECE** OF A  
**GRAP** GAME. NOT ME! SHUT... I'LL  
USE IT AS A PAPER-WEIGHT TO HOLD  
DOWN MY NEXT TARN TILL WE MEET  
AGAIN LATER ON IN MY MUCH MAN.  
FOOT! NOW, THE **PAINT-KEEPEE**



SHOTS WITH **AND**  
OFFERING. I'LL  
BE SHOVELING  
OFF. TILL WE  
SEEK AGAIN  
'BYE!

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEEMENT YEP, CREEPY...IT'S YOUR SCREAM-STORY-TELLER IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH ONE OF MY CREEPY COLLECTORS' ITEMS. FOR MY SPOT IN C.R.'S...ST...MAY, I HAVE CHOSEN A BAT TALE OF MARSH BRAD MORRISBITE ENTITLED...

## ...ONLY SKIN DEEP!

HERBERT HAD MADE UP HIS MIND. THIS WOULD BE THE LAST TIME HE WOULD GO TO NEW ORLEANS FOR MARSH BRAD WOLF AND SET IN THIS CROWDED CAPE...WHERE HE'D FIRST MET SUZANNE...AND WAIT FOR HER. THIS WOULD BE THE LAST LONELY YEAR HE'D SPEND, DREAMING THROUGH THE SPRING AND SUMMER AND FALL UNTIL FEBRUARY ROLLED AROUND AGAIN AND HE'D PUSH SOUTH FOR ONE HEAVENLY WEEK. YEP, FINE DEAR! WAS LONG ENOUGH. THIS TIME HE WOULD ASK SUZANNE TO MARRY HIM. HE SAT SILENTLY HUNTING HIS SPRING, SEARCHING THE MASKED, COSTUMED THROTT FOR SUZANNE'S FAMILIAR FIGURE. AND THEN SHE WAS COMING TOWARD HIM, OUT OF THE VELARITY AND MADNESS...



SUZANNE... DARLING...

HERBERT...



AND NOW THEY WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, AND HE WAS HOLDING HER CLOSE AND FEELING HER WONDERFUL WARMTH AND HIS YEAR-LONG DREAM WAS A REALITY ONCE MORE...

SUZANNE... SUZANNE... I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU EVERY DAY... EVERY MINUTE... I MISSED YOU SO...

ON HERBERT, A YEAR AGO... IN SUCH A LONG TIME, HOW'VE YOU BEEN...



HOW HAVE I BEEN, DARLING? I'VE BEEN SOOOO CRAZY... THINKING ABOUT YOU. I WON'T LET YOU GO THIS TIME, DUE. I WON'T LET YOU GO... EVER AGAIN.

HUSH MY SWEET, WE HAVE A WHOLE WAGON FOR FEED AHEAD OF US...

LET'S GET **OUT** OF HERE. THERE'S NOTHING BUT LET'S GO SOME- PLACE WHERE IT'S **QUIET**... WHERE WE CAN **TALK**...

TO **TALK** ABOUT, HERE, IS THERE?

I WANT TO ASK YOU TO  
JOIN MY PARTY, BUT...

HEHEHE...

YOU... YOU REALLY WANT TO MARRY ME, HERBERT... WITH-  
OUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT I  
LOOK LIKE...?

I KNOW THAT I  
LOVE YOU, BUT...  
AND THAT YOU LOVE  
ME... THAT'S WHAT'S  
IMPORTANT...

ARE YOU *SOBER*, HERBIE, DEAR? *SUPPOSE* BENJAMIN THIS MORN', I WAS NOT AS YOU PICTURE ME. *SUPPOSE* I WAS

YOU'LL *NEVER* BE ANYTHING BUT *BEAUTIFUL* TO ME, EVE. NO MATTER *HOOF* YOU LOOK LIKE IT DOESN'T EVEN *MAFFER*.

ON, HERE, I'VE WANTED FIVE FEARS FOR YOU TO SAY THAT...

WE'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME, MY SWEET, I'VE WANTED TO SAY IT FOR FIVE FEARS...

AND NOW THE MADNESS AND THE NOISE AND THE MURMURING WERE FAR BEHIND. OVERHEAD, STARS PEERED THROUGH BOWED CYPRASSES, AND THE LAKE WAS A MIRROR OF BLACK...

NOW THAT WE'RE AWAY FROM THE GARDENS AND THE DIN...  
ASK ME AGAIN...

MARRY ME, SUE. I LOVE YOU...



HE REACHED FOR HER HAIR... TO LIFT IT AWAY... SO HE COULD TOUCH HER HAIR WITH HIS. SHE GRABED HIS HAND...

NO, HERBIE! DON'T! YOU SAID IT DIDN'T MATTER...

IT DOESN'T, HONEY. I JUST WANT TO KISS YOU...



MARRY ME FIRST, HERBIE. THEN WE CAN UNMASK... WHEN WE HAVE OUR LOVE COMPLETE.

HOW? TOMORROW?



WE COULD RENT A CAR... DRIVE UPSTATE. WE COULD FIND A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE...

LET'S GO...



THEY RAN, HAND IN HAND... LIKE CHILDREN. AND SOON, NEW ORLEANS WAS JUST A BAY SLOW TO THE SOUTH. AND THEY WERE HUMMING UPSTATE IN A RENTED CAR... LIKE TWO PHANTOMS...

THERE, DARLING! THERE'S A SIGN...

A.M. MOORE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. MARRIAGES PERFORMED. NO WAITING. THIS IS IT!



THE OLD J.P. PERFORMED THE CEREMONY WITH RAISED EYEBROWS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVEN MARRIED A COUPLE WHOSE FACES HE DID NOT SEE, BUT THEN... IT WAS MARRY! READ WITH...

I NOW PRODUCE YOU MAN AND WIFE...



LATER... THE SMALL HOTEL... THE GRINNING BELL-BOY CARRYING THEIR HASTILY PACKED BAGS... LEADING THE NEWLYWEDS TO THEIR ROOM...



HE WATCHED, HIS HEART BEATING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER IN HIS CHEST, AS SHE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT, FLICKING IT OFF...



HE COULD SEE HER IN THE DIM HALF LIGHT FROM THE MOON SHINING OUTSIDE... SILHOUETTED... MOVING LITHELY... BEAUTIFULLY...



AND NOW... ALONE AT LAST, THE SILENT EMBARRASSMENT OF THE INTIMATE MOMENT...



AND THEN SHE WAS COMING TOWARD HIM AND HE COULD HEAR HER BREATHING... THE SHORT GASP... EXCITED... PASSIONATE...



LATER... LYING IN THE DARKNESS BESIDE HER, SMOKING A CIGARETTE, HERBIE SMILED...



HER BREATHING BECAME HEAVIER... REGULAR. SHE WAS ASLEEP. HERBIE LAY THERE ANWHILE, SMOKING, THE CIGARETTE BURNED DOWN AND HE PUT IT OUT. HIS THOUGHTS DRIFTED BACK ACROSS FIVE YEARS... TO THE FIRST MARCH DEAR WEEK...



I REMEMBER SEEING HER FOR THE FIRST TIME... WEARING THAT REVOLTING MAG-WASH... AND KNOWING THAT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...

YEA, THE MASK HAD HIDDEN HER FACE, BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE HER LOVELY VOICE. HER SMILING EYES AND HER YOUNG CURVACEOUS FIGURE MADE THE MASK SEEM SO OUT OF PLACE.



"CAPE TO DANCE...?"

"LOVE TO."

HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D DANCED THAT FIRST NIGHT, NUMBER AFTER NUMBER, UNTIL THE CROWD HAD GONE AND THE MUSIC HAD ENDED...



"CLOSING UP, NOW..."

"OH..."

"LET'S WALK..."

AND HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D TALKED BY THE LAKE BENEATH THE CYPRESSES AND WATCHED THE SUN COME UP...



"TOMORROW, I GO BACK HOME..."

"WILL YOU COME NEXT YEAR... TO HARRY HARRY?"

HENRIE REMEMBERED HOW HE'D TRIED TO UNMASK HER THAT FIRST TIME.



"BUT I'LL GO AWAY WITHOUT EVER SHOWING WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE..."

"IT'S BETTER THAT WAY, HENRIE. YOU'LL REMEMBER ME AS YOU IMAGINE ME. FANTASY IS SOMETIMES MORE DESIRABLE THAN REALITY!"

AND HE REMEMBERED HOW THEY'D VOWED TO MEET AGAIN THE FOLLOWING YEAR... IN THE SAME CAFE... AND HE'D DREAMED ABOUT HER TILL THEN...



"SUSANNE... YOU REMEMBERED?"

"I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D COME. I'D HOPED... BUT I WAS AFRAID..."

FIVE YEARS. YEAR AFTER YEAR. MEETINGS AND DANCING AND TALKING AND FALLING IN LOVE. AND NOW SHE WAS HIS WIFE. AND—AND—



"AND, BY GOD, I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN HER FACE..."

HENRIE REACHED FOR THE LAMP ABOVE THE BED. HE DRAPPED IT ON...



"IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, DOES IT? REALLY? IT'S JUST THAT THAT..."

**GOOD LORD!**



HERBIE REACHED OVERHEENTLY...  
UNTIEING THE SILK CORD THAT  
HELD BUE'S MASK IN PLACE...



HE LIFTED THE MASK AWAY...



THERE WAS NO DIFFERENCE, THE FACE...THE  
MASK...THEY WERE THE SAME...



HERBIE SAT BOLT UPRIGHT IN THE DARKNESS... DAWDLE.  
HE WAS WET AND CLAMMY AND RELIEVED...



HE GLANCED AT THE WOMAN SLEEPING BESIDE HIM... A  
COLD SHIVER OF FEAR RIPPLED UP HIS SPINE...



HE REACHED FOR THE LIGHT... NERVOUSLY BREATHING...





THE MASK... SHE'S STILL  
WEARING HER MASK... JUST  
LIKE IN MY DREAM...



HERBIE STRUGGLED WITH THE  
STRIPS... PULLING IT... RIPPING IT...

BLAST IT...

NOVA... THERE'S  
STOP...



SUE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH TERROR  
IN HER EYES. HE CLAWED AT THE  
MASK...

DON'T, HERBIE!  
DON'T TRY TO  
TAKE IT OFF!

IT'S TIME I  
SAY, BUT  
IT'S  
TIME!



HE WAS A WILD MAN NOW... HIS FINGERS DIGGING IN...  
TUGGING... PULLING... FRIGHTENED BY THE DREAM... HE  
HAD TO KNOW...

NO, HERBIE! I BEG  
OF YOU! YOU SAID  
IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
YOU SAID...

IT DOES  
MATTER... NOW...



A FINAL, DESPERATE, ANGRY PULL...

THEN... SUE'S SCREAM OF PROTEST... BLOOD-CURDLING...  
MYSTERY... AND THE MASK COMING AWAY...

NO! NO! EEEEEEEEEEE...

NOW...  
WE'LL  
SEE...



HE HELD THE SOFT WET COVERING IN HIS HANDS, STARING DOWN AT HER.  
HER BLOOD FLOODED OUT OVER THE PILLOW. HER BARE FLESH GLOVERED  
LIVERLY. HER EYES BLAZED. HER BICKLY GRIMACING MOUTH... NOW  
STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH LIPS... CROOKED OUT THE WORDS AS HIS  
STOMACH HEAVED...

I... BUNBLE... NEVER... MORE... A MASK...  
HE BEG...

CHORE...



WATCH IT, HERBIE. THAT'S SUE'S SKIN  
YOU HAVE IN YOUR HAND! DON'T FLING  
IT FROM YOU LIKE THAT! WE MAY  
LOSE FACE! WELL, HERBIE... THAT'S  
MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRYPT-  
KEEPER'S WAR FOR THIS TIME. I'LL  
SEE YOU NEXT IN MY WAR, THE  
FAULT OF HORROR. BUT BEFORE I  
TURN YOU BACK TO C. E., SOME SOUND

ADVICE. DON'T TRY  
TO REMOVE A GUY'S  
MASK AT GUNPOINT TILL  
YOU'RE SURE HE'S  
WEARING ONE, OR  
YOU MAY BE STUCK  
WITH THE CHEEK!



**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**

**FANTASY**

# WEIRD SCIENCE



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP  
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As he poised on the edge of the lake, Stan Albert chuckled aloud. This Mr. Karin was a real smart joe. He realized that a small expenditure can often bring fabulous returns if you're not wishy-washy about using methods that are slightly illegal. His offer to Stan was a good example of a shrewd operator skirting with ethics in order to win a potful of money. Stan tensed and his bronzed body arched in a neat dive; hardly a ripple signaled his entry into the water. With powerful strokes he slid quickly under the surface, to the spot where Karin and this dope Foster were fishing from their rowboats. All he had to do for the \$500, Stanley reflected as he surged forward underwater, was detach the bait from Foster's fishing line, so that Karin could land a bigger catch. There was \$5,000 riding on the contest . . . the man to bring in the larger fish would pocket as much as Stan ordinarily made in a year! Smart of Karin to offer half-a-grand just to make the bet less of a gamble for himself! The easiest dough Stan Albert had ever made!

In the greenish water Stan saw Foster's hook: with a powerful surge Stan slipped through the depths toward the object of his pact with Karin. 500 bucks, Stanley thought as he reached out and steadied Foster's bobbing line . . . just to help a man win a contest! A small fortune to make certain that the right man brought in a bigger fish than his opponent!

Carefully, his fingers moving with

great delicacy, Stan began to slide the bait free. This guy Foster was a chiseler, too, Stan grinned. His hook was bigger than had been agreed on; this was a battle between two unscrupulous operators. And he stood to profit from the contest!

Now the bait was almost off the hook, and Stan felt his chest tightening as his lungs clamored for fresh air. The bait was caught on the bent part of the hook and Stan gave a tug to wrench it free. Another 30 seconds was all he could endure without coming to the surface . . . he'd have to throw discretion to the winds and pull the hook good and hard!

Suddenly the line became taut under his fingers and Stan felt the hook slithering free. With surprise he was aware of the glittering metal moving upward. Then a ripping sensation at his throat sent a spasm of pain stabbing through his body. The big hook had become cruelly imbedded in Stan's throat and was tearing the tender skin open with each passing second. Already the water was becoming discolored with the reddish fluid pouring from his gaping wound!

Stan felt himself growing faint as he struggled futilely to escape the torturous hook, and as the life drained swiftly from his writhing body he was dimly aware that he was being lifted laboriously toward the surface. All around him the water had become a swirling mass of blood . . . his fingers were losing all feeling . . . the taste in his mouth was hot, acid, gagging.

In his last moment, before darkness closed in and blotted out Stan Albert's shuddering agony, he knew that Foster . . . working frantically to pull in his line . . . had caught himself a really big fish!



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# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Well, look! Seems that our Horror Hit Parade has created quite a stir among you keep-keepers! Here are the latest additions to our collection, courtesy of Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City, Okla., Minna Hughes of Mayville, Ky. Dick Bowman of Glenbrook, Wis. Patrick McKernan of Greensboro, Pa. Emanuel Peles of Brooklyn, N. Y. Richard Reamer of Staten Island, N. Y. One Barton of Manassas, N. Y. Roger Todahl of Fresno, Calif. Miss. Joe Rankin of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lynn Weber of Woodchill Lake, N. Y.

## OKLAHOMACIDE

BERNARDEL POLKA

A-ROUND THE CORNER

ANNIE GORY

SLAUGHTER ROY

I LOATHE YOU CRUELLY

SUNK-HOUSE BLUES

THE TENNESSEE VAULTS

SOMEBODY ROLLED MY PALE

HOW'RE YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM (AFTER THEY'VE READ E.C.)

BETTY NO-HEAD

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN. (HORROR, HORROR!)

I GOT HER SON IN THE MORNING, (TODDIE SCARE THAT NIGHT)

SEVERED HEADS AMONG THE GHOULS

WHO MUNCHED ON THAT BODY IN THE COFFIN. (CHUCK, CHUCK!)

(THE ONE WITH THE FETTERED VEIL)

WHEN YOU WERE-WOLF

OLD CROAKS AT HOME

CHUCK ME, DRILL ME SQUISH ME

And while in a musical vein, here are some BOF letters from some of you cats:

Dear Crypty,

Dig this, man! I think your comic books are real gone.

J Formano  
Newark, N. J.

I'd walk a mile for you man . . . it's real cool!

Judy Albarado  
Chicago, Ill.

Man! That one-a-o-a-ary cool story, "The Wanderer," by Roy Broadway, in the last cool issue of "Tales From The Crypt," was real cool!

Magister Jim Mason  
Richmond, N. Y.

P.S. Dig that one-a-o-a-ary underhater!

. . . I want to congratulate you and your "secret federates" for turning out such super-George stories.

I'd like to start an E.C. fan club. Anyone interested can write to:

Lynn Weber  
Woodchill Lake, N. Y.

Anyone interested can write to US, Legal! Yep, my short editors have informed me that, due to the huge quantity of requests from the E.C. organization is contemplating starting some sort of fan club. The best minds (?) are now busy at work contemplating. Further announcements will be forthcoming when the contemplations have been completed. But don't worry, it's not money! See THE VAULT OF HORROR No. 23 for the next exciting episode in this latest money-grubbing effort!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

If someone doesn't have enough sense to buy E.C., then he's probably too stupid to understand them anyway.

Rob West  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I can't help thinking how much Shakespeare missed by not reading or writing stories like yours. They're super!

Ronald Frager  
Dayton, Ohio

How in the heck could a human live in the same apartment with a corpse for almost two months? I'm referring to "Cemetery Bled" . . . in T.C. No. 26. Wouldn't it . . . well . . . kind of smell? Certainly, when Mrs. Clayton called upon Mr. Burton, and he opened the door wide open, wouldn't she have smelled the smell from the smell? If not, please explain.

Jack Lova  
San Antonio, Texas

Cryptophyl?

Dear C.E.,

You have forgotten an important character in horror literature . . . the GHOUL. Won't you try to put a GHOULish story in your books?

Dorothy Simpson  
Andover, Pa.

We may oblige you sooner than you think, Crypty!

In closing, the usual commercial announcement: The third annual TALE OF TERROR, E.C.'s longest anthology, 128 pages of chills (!), contains complete stories chosen not counting 4 extra . . . copies from 1957 is now available for 15c, your name, and your address! Subscribers to any E.C. mag will also pay the smallest of price of 75c . . . 5¢ of a dollar . . . for air . . . half a dozen . . . copies (E.C. fan club? They're still contemplating!) Address where you send for all this shiver . . . or where YOU send US shiver! . . .

The Crypt Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 28  
225 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

# ERNIE VISITED THE DOCTOR BUT NEVER EXPECTED THE **LAST LAUGH**



ERNIE SHIFTED UNCOMFORTABLY ON THE LEATHER CHAIR IN THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM. FROM TIME TO TIME, THE EXPRESSION ON HIS LOOSE FLABBY-FEATURED FACE WOULD CHANGE FROM ONE OF ANXIETY TO THAT OF A CHEERFUL SMILE, AND HE WOULD CHUCKLE SILENTLY OR LAUGH OUT LOUD. WHEN THAT HAPPENED, HE WOULD CLUTCH HIS STOMACH AND THE SMILE WOULD FADE AND THE ANXIETY WOULD RETURN ONCE MORE. HE THROSE HIS HEAD BACK AFTER HIS MOST RECENT OUTBURST OF HILARITY AND LOOKED UP WITH RELIEF AS DOCTOR FALGER ENTERED.



THE DOCTOR BENT OVER THE SINK AND BEGAN TO WASH HIS HANDS...

STRAINED YOURSELF, MR. CEELEY? NOW? OH... IF YOU'LL PLEASE REMOVE YOUR SHIRT...

SURE, DOC! YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURE HAPPENED FOR SEE, DOC... I GO FOR PAIN!



DOK PALDER LOOKED AT ERNE QUIETLY AS HE DROD HIS SCRUBBED HANDS...

SO FOR PAIN, MR. CEELEY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

PAIN, DOC! LARGEST LARGE CHARGES? I SET A BANGOUT OF JOKES! PRACTICAL JOKES...



THE DOCTOR SLIPPED INTO HIS WHITE LAB COAT...

OH, I SEE!

MY LAST WHEN I NEARLY DIED LAMENIN! I PULLED THIS GAS, SEE AND I FIGURE I STRAINED MYSELF LAMENIN OVER IT.



ERNE STOOD BEFORE THE DOCTOR, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST... THE EXAMINING ROOM LIGHTS REFLECTING ON HIS OBERE SOOL. DOK PALDER PLACED HIS STETHO-SCOPE TO HIS EAR...

DO YOU'RE A PRACTICAL JOKER, ER, MR. CEELEY? WHAT SORT OF PRACTICAL JOKERY?

AM, YOU KNOW, DOK. STUFF LIKE I CALL UP A NUMBER, AM OLD NUMBER. SOME NIGHT...



AND I SAY...

THIS IS THE ELECTRIC COMPANY, MACHA. WE'RE CHECKING ON THE STREET LAMPS IN YOUR AREA. WOULD YOU KINDLY LOOK AND SEE IF THE STREET LAMP OUTSIDE YOUR HOUSE IS LIT?

OF COURSE, HOLD ON, PLEASE...



SO THE SUCKER BOYS, SEE, AM WHEN THEY COME BACK THEY SAY...

YES, THE STREET LAMP OUTSIDE MY HOUSE IS LIT.

WELL, BE SURE TO PUT IT OUT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, HUH, HONEYBEE.



ERNE BEGAN TO LAUGH UPRIGHTLY...

THEY HEH... THEY FALL FOR IT EVERY TIME, DOC... HEH... HEH... THEY... OOOOON! IT HURTS...

BREATHE DEEPLY AND HOLD IT.



THE DOCTOR MOVED THE STETHOSCOPE ABOUT ERNIE'S CHEST, LISTENING GRIMLY...

ALL RIGHT. EXHALE.  
SO ON, MR. SEELY.

OR I CALL UP A  
CANDY STORE.



"AM I SAY"

ROBERTS CANDY STORE? YES, SIR!  
YOU GOT PHILIP  
MORRIS IN A  
CARTON?

YES,  
SIR!

WELL, LET 'EM  
OUT, HUNT ME  
DOWN! MY  
OWNERS'S GETTIN'  
COLD.



THE DOCTOR FOLDED AWAY HIS STETHOSCOPE AS  
ERNIE SUFFERED HEARTILY AGAIN...

STUFF LIKE THAT. HEH, HEH!  
WHAT A BUST! HEH, HEH! I  
OOOOOHHH

AND LAST WEEK?  
YOU SAY LAST  
WEEK YOU SEEMED  
TO STRAIN YOURSELF?



DOCTOR FALDER WRAPPED THE BLOOD-PRESSURE GAG  
AROUND ERNIE'S ARM. ERNIE MOODED, GRIMACING...

DOO! LAST WEEK I PULLED  
THE GREATEST... THE HONEST.  
THE BEST FAR I EVER PULLED.  
I TELL YOU... I NEARLY DIED  
LAUGHIN'!

AND WHAT WAS  
THAT, MR. SEELY?



ERNE STARTED TO CHUCKLE...

I GOT THE IDEA WHEN I NOTICE THAT THE FIDS  
IN THIS HERE ALL PLAY DOWN BY THE RAILROAD  
TRACKS. AN' I NOTICE THAT THE LIMITED GOES  
THROUGH, SOM' ABOUT SEVENTH, EVERY DAY AT NOON.



"SO LAST WEEK, I BUY ME SOME HUNKS OF HORSE-WEAT.  
REAL CHEAP STUFF. AN' I RAIP AN' BLOOD. AN' I  
BUY ME SOME KID'S CLOTHES. AN' I STUFF THE MEAT  
IN THE KID'S CLOTHES AN' I GO DOWN TO THE TRACKS  
ABOUT NOON AN' I LAY THE MEAT ON THE TRACKS NEAR  
WHERE SOME KID IS PLAYIN'."







ERDIE WENT OUT INTO THE WAIT-  
ING ROOM AND SAT DOWN. HE  
COULD HEAR DOCTOR PALDER MOVING  
EQUIPMENT AROUND BEHIND THE  
CLOSED EXAMINATION ROOM DOOR...

JUST RELAX, MR.  
CEELY. I'LL BE  
READY FOR YOU  
SHORTLY.

OHAY,  
DOC?

FIFTEEN MINUTES WENT BY. ERDIE  
BEGAN TO SHOW IMPATIENCE. TWENTY  
MINUTES, ERDIE FELT A PUNNY  
PIERCING PAIN IN HIS STOMACH.  
THIRTY MINUTES, FINALLY...

I'M READY, MR.  
CEELY. WILL  
YOU COME IN  
NOW?

DOCT SOMETHING  
HAP-  
PENIN' HERE?  
IT HURTS... EVEN  
WHEN I DON'T  
LAUGH, DOC...

ERDIE FOLLOWED THE DOCTOR INTO  
THE EXAMINATION ROOM ONCE MORE.

GET COMPLETELY  
UNDRESSED, MR.  
CEELY... HAVE FOR YOUR  
SHORTS? AND WHILE  
YOU'RE DOING THAT,  
LISTEN TO WHAT I  
HAVE TO SAY...

OHAY, DOC,  
BUT ARE  
WHAT YOU  
CAN DO  
ABOUT THESE  
NEW PAINS  
I GOT ACHING?

THE DOCTOR NODDED SPILLY, WATCHING ERDIE DIS-  
ROBE. HE BEGAN TO TALK...

THERE WAS A FAMILY IN THIS  
TOWN, MR. CEELY? A MOTHER,  
A FATHER, AND TWO CHILDREN...  
BOYS... ONE, EIGHT... THE YOUNG  
ONE, THREE...

CAN'T STAND  
RIGHT BOY, YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
SEEN THEIR  
FACES WHEN  
THEY SAW THAT  
BLOODY MESS...



BUT THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WANDERED AWAY... LEFT THE  
THREE-YEAR-OLD... DISORIENTED HIS MOTHER'S WHINES,  
AND THE THREE-YEAR-OLD GOT ALL BUSY PLAYING  
WHERE HE SHOULDN'T HAVE

OH, STEVEY? JUST  
LOOK AT YOU!



ONE DAY THE MOTHER SENT HER TWO BOYS OUT TO  
PLAY. SHE TOLD THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD TO WATCH THE  
THREE-YEAR-OLD AND KEEP HIM OUT OF MESSIER.

SEE THAT STEVEY DOESN'T  
GET HIMSELF DIRTY, JEFFERY.

YES,  
MAMA!



THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WENT TO PLAY WITH HIS  
FRIENDS. HE'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIS  
LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD BROTHER UNTIL HE HEARD  
A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM.



JEFFREY THOUGHT THAT THE BLOOD REMAINS LYING UPON THE RAILROAD TRACKS WAS HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, STEVE! HE CLUTCHED AT HIS LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HEART. HE STARTED RUNNING HOME WILDLY. HE NEVER SAW THE TRUCK.

MA! MA!

LOOK OUT!



THE MOTHER RUSHED OUT OF HER HOUSE WHEN SHE HEARD HER OLDER SON'S SHOUT OF PAN AND THE SQUEAL OF THE TRUCK'S BRAKES!

JEFFREY MY BABY!



IN HER FRIGHTENED ANXIETY, THE MOTHER THOUGHTLESSLY LEFT HER THREE-YEAR-OLD SON IN THE TUB WHERE BATHS BEEN BATHING HIM.

MAMA, MOM - MAMA



ERNIE STOOD, DISORIENTED, BEFORE THE DOCTOR, STAMMERING AT HIS WIDE FLAMING EYES.

YOU?

YES, MR. GEELY, THAT WAS MY FAMILY'S STORY. THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DIED FROM BEING STRUCK BY THE TRUCK. THE BABY DROWNED. MY WIFE DROPPED DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK.



DOCTOR FALDEN'S GRIP WAS LIKE A VISE OF STEEL AS HE TIED ERNIE GEELY TO THE EXAMINATION TABLE.

YOU SAY YOU ALMOST DIED LAUGHING WHEN YOUR PRACTICAL JOKE, MR. GEELY? WELL, NOW YOU WILL DIE LAUGHING IF THOSE CAPSULES I GAVE YOU CONTAINED FISH HOOKS... BARBED LITTLE FISH HOOKS...

NO! NO!



DOCTOR FALDEN ROLLED OUT THE EQUIPMENT HE'D PREPARED AND SET IT ABOUT THE STRIPPED BODILY FIGURE OF SCREAMING ERNIE GEELY. THEN THE DOC TURNED ALL OF THE EQUIPMENT ON. AND THE FEATHERS TWIRLED THE SOLES OF ERNIE'S FEET AND HUGGED HIS BUMB AND UNDER HIS ARMS AND BEHIND HIS EARS...

DIE LAUGHING, ERNIE! DIE LAUGHING!

HEH... HEH... NO... HEH... NO... YAAAAAAHHH!

HEH... HEH...



AND SO WE LEAVE ERNIE GEELY WITH THE LITTLE FISH HOOKS IN HIS GUTTERING STOMACH, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THE DOC WILL MAKE SURE ERNIE GETS THE POINT OF THIS ONE... BARBED POINTS! IN FACT, ERNIE... THIS LAST ONE WILL KILL YOU AND NOW, THE OLD BITCH SMITS WITH HER KETTLE OF CRABLY, KREEP... KROOONY. 'BYE, NOWFOON. ERNIE JUST HAS HIS LAST BELL. LAUGH! A HEAL RIB-TICKLER. GOODBYE HIS BOY! HE DIED!



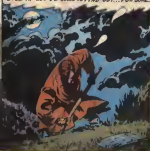
# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WEE, WEE! AND NOW THAT YOUR APPETITES FOR HORROR HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PICKED BY MY FELLOW BLINK-BLINKERS...E.K. AND V.K., IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FEED YOU FOUL FARE. SO NOW INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR, FIENDS, AND YOUR HOSTESS IN HEAVEN, THE OLD WITON, WILL GIBB OUT THE DELICIOUS DELVING INTO THE DELIRIOUS, CALLED—

## MOURNIN' MESS

THE CEMETERY LAY SILENT BENEATH A COLD MOON THAT HOPPED IN AND OUT FROM BEHIND DARK CLOUDS THAT RACED ALONG ON A BRISK NOVEMBER WIND. BELOW, THE MUFFLED SOUNDS OF DIGGING ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT. A MAN STOOD KNEE-DEEP IN AN EXCAVATION AMONG THE FLAT PLAINLY-MARKED GRAVES, ANXIOUSLY SINKING HIS SPADE INTO THE SOFT EARTH AND TOSSEING IT ONTO A GROWING PILE BEHIND HIM. EVERY SO OFTEN THE MAN WOULD STOP HIS WORK, LISTEN, AND THEN... HEARING NOTHING...CONTINUE DIGGING...

"I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING SCREEFY ABOUT THE WHOLE SET-UP, RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING. I FELT IT. NOW I'M GOING TO FIND OUT... FOR SURE."



THE MAN FURIOUSLY SPADED THE BLACK LOAM OUT OF THE EVER-DEEPENING HOLE...ALL THE WHILE MUMBLING TO HIMSELF...

"THE GRATEFUL WOMEN'S SOCIETY?" HMPH! IT SMELLED FUNNY FROM THE START! AN EXPERIENCED REPORTER LEARNS TO SENSE THESE THINGS. AND I SENSED IT. THAT FIRST DAY... AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.



"I REMEMBER HOW FORTYFOUR OLD  
MAYOR WERE STOOD BEFORE US AND  
WHISPERED OUT HIS ANNOUNCEMENT...

BENTLEMAN! OUR FAIR CITY HAS  
LOWLY HAS THE PROBLEM OF DIS-  
POSING OF ITS DECEASED AND  
HOMELESS ONES WHO PASS  
AWAY WITH NO FRIENDS OR  
RELATIVES TO PROPERLY  
BURY THEM...



HERE TOFORE, THESE WRETCHED  
UNFORTUNATES HAVE BEEN LAID  
TO REST IN OUR CITY IN POT-  
TER'S FIELDS MAINTAINED BY  
YOUR TAXES. NOW, THIS BAD  
RESPONSIBILITY HAS BEEN TAKEN  
OUT OF YOUR CITY'S HANDS.  
BENTLEMAN...



...MAY I PRESENT FELIX J. COPE-  
HARD, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE  
GRATEFUL HORROR SOCIETY,  
WHO WILL TELL YOU OF THE  
WONDERFUL OFFER HIS  
ORGANIZATION HAS MADE. THE  
OFFER I HAVE GRACIOUSLY  
ACCEPTED! MR. COPEHARD...



"I REMEMBER EMPLOYED MR. COPEHARD... EARLY...  
BOFT-WOMEN..."

BENTLEMAN, "THE GRATEFUL HORROR OUTCASTS,  
AND UNWANTED LAYAWAY SOCIETY", THE  
GRATEFUL HORROR SOCIETY FOR SHORT... WAS  
FORMED BY A GROUP OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS  
AND PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO FELT THAT THEY  
OWED A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THIS FAIR CITY.



ALL THE MEMBERS OF THIS ORGANIZATION CAME TO  
THIS CITY AS DOWN-AND-OUTERS, DRIFTERS, DE-  
CEASED, OR JUST PLAIN Bums. BUT HERE, THEY  
FOUNO OPPORTUNITY. HERE, THEY FOUND FINAN-  
CIAL SUCCESS. AND SO, IN GRATITUDE, THEY  
HAVE Banded TOGETHER TO AID AND ENDOW  
OTHERS LESS FORTUNATE THAN THEMSELVES...  
OTHER DRIFTERS AND UNWANTED. THEY HAVE  
PURCHASED A SMALL PARCEL OF LAND IN ONE  
OF OUR CITY'S SUBURBS, LANDSCAPED IT... AND  
HAVE TURNED IT INTO A DEMETERY...



...A BEAUTIFUL DEMETERY... WHERE THE POOR  
OUTCASTS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN AS FORTUNATE  
AS THEY MAY BE LAID TO FINAL REST IN  
DIGNITY WHEN THEY PASS FROM OUR  
MORTAL WORLD...



"THE GRATEFUL HORRORS... WHO PREFER TO REMAIN  
SHORTWOODS... HAVE CREATED AN EMPLOYMENT FUND  
THROUGH MUTUAL CONTRIBUTIONS, WITH WHICH ALL  
FUNERAL AND DEMETERY UNRESP EXPENSES WILL  
BE MET. NO LONGER WILL YOUR TAXES BE NEEDED FOR  
THIS PURPOSE. NO LONGER WILL SHODDY POTTER'S  
FIELDS MAR THE BEAUTY OF OUR FAIR CITY'S SUR-  
ROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE. NO LONGER WILL...



"YES, IT SMILES FUNNY ALL RIGHT I REMEMBER LISTENING TO MR. CORPARD HAVE ONE, EXPOUNDING UPON THE WONDERFUL GROUP OF PHILANTHROPISTS HE REPRESENTED... AND I REMEMBER FINALLY ADMIRING."

MY QUESTION, MR. CORP... I HAD TO **WHY** SHOULD A GROUP OF **RICH MEN** SUDDENLY BECOME CONCERNED ABOUT SOME **DERELICTS' FUNERALIST**?

EXPLAINED SIR, ALL OF THESE MEN...

YES, YES, THEY WERE ALL **ONCE BOMBS THEMSELVES**. YOU EXPLAINED THAT, BUT **WHY** WAIT UNTIL THESE **DERELICTS DIED** BEFORE HELPING THEM? COULDN'T THE MONEY BE PUT TO **BETTER USE** BY **REHABILITATING** THEM WHILE THEY WERE **ALIVE**?

"THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS**" ARE ALL **SELF-MADE MEN**, SIR. THEY RECEIVED NO HELP WHEN THEY WERE DOWN.

THE **PRESENT** CONDITION OF THE **DERELICT** IN OUR CITY DOES NOT CONCERN THESE MEN. LET THE **DERELICT RISE UP** AS THEY HAVE DONE. BUT WHEN THE **DERELICT CAN NO LONGER RISE** OR WHEN HE HAS **PASSED ON**, THEN LET HIM BE **HONORED IN FINAL REST**...

I STILL DON'T GET IT...

I REMEMBER ATTENDING THAT FIRST FUNERAL... AND BEING "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**" CEMETERY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ASHER TO ASHER... DUST TO DUST.

NICE PLACE, BREWSTER.

YEAH, **BEAUTIFUL**! IT ALMOST PAYS TO **DIE PEARLESS**.

"AND I REMEMBER IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, RETURNING FROM TIME TO TIME AND SEEING THE ROLLING LAWNS WITH THE SIMPLE GRAVE MARKERS."

HOW COME NO GRAVE MARKERS?

I ONLY FOUND HERE, WATER. THE **SOCIETY** SAYS THAT IN THE **MODERN** WAY A CEMETERY SHOULD LOOK... SO I DO LIKE THEY SAY...

BUT AFTER A WHILE THE WORD OF "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**" BECAME STALE NEWS AND I TURNED TO OTHER THINGS. THEN, THIS MORNING, MY EDITOR CALLED ME IN.

BREWSTER, YOU COVERED THE OPENING OF "THE **GRATEFUL HORRORS' SOCIETY**" CEMETERY FOR OUTGASTS AND UNWANTED, DIDN'T YOU?

YEAH, CHIEF! WHAT'S UP?

WELL, ACCORDING TO THE **DRIFT DEPARTMENT** THEY'RE BLURTING THE **THOUSANDTH DERELICT** TODAY. TAKE A RUN OUT AND **COVER** IT FOR US, HUH? IT **DOESN'T** BE WORTH A **PARAGRAPH OR TWO**.

SURE, CHIEF! HEY, DID YOU SAY THE **THOUSANDTH DERELICT**?



"AFTER THE GRAVEMEN LEFT, I STOOD A WHILE  
LOOKING OUT OVER THE ROLLING LAWNS WITH THE  
SIMPLE MARKERS AND THE NEW FRESH GRAVE-MOUND  
JUTTING OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB..."



"I STARTED PACING. I PACED ALONG THE GATE ON THE  
WEST SIDE OF THE CEMETERY. THEN I PACED ALONG  
THE GATE ON THE NORTH SIDE..."



"I WENT BACK TO THE CAR. I  
STARTED SCRATCHING AROUND ON MY  
MIND-PAD... FIGURING..."



"THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY  
ABOUT THIS MOUND. I KNEW IT.  
I TOOK A LAST LOOK AT THE  
SINGLE MOUND AND THE GREENERY..."



"AND DROVE TO THE NEAREST SHOP-  
PING SECTION. I STOPPED AT A  
HARDWARE STORE..."



"I DROVE BACK TO THE CEMETERY AND HAD MY CAR. I  
SCALED THE FENCE, MOVED A HOME PLACE, AND  
WAITED... WATCHING IT GOON DARK..."



"AND THEN, SOMETHING HAPPENED. SOMETHING  
WEIRD AND FRIGHTENING. THE MOUND... THE  
SINGLE GRAVE-MOUND... SUNK DOWN INTO THE  
EARTH... SUNK DOWN UNTIL IT WAS LEVEL WITH  
THE SURROUNDING GRASS..."



THE CEMETERY LAY SILENT BENEATH A GOLD MOON. THE MUFFLED SOUND OF GRASSING ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT. THE MAN MUMBLED TO HIMSELF AS HE DUG FURIOUSLY...



THE SOUND OF METAL STRIKING METAL NEVER ENDED IN THE DEEP HOLE THE MAN HAD DUG. HE LOOKED AROUND, CONFUSED...



THE MAN CLEARED THE SOIL AWAY FROM THE METAL FLOOR OF THE GRAVE...



THE MAN STOOD UP IN THE GRAVE. HE STARED AT THE OLD HOUSE NEARBY, BEYOND THE CEMETERY GATES. THERE WERE LIGHTS ON INSIDE IT, SHINING THROUGH SHADED WINDOWS...



SUDDENLY THE METAL FLOOR BENEATH THE MAN'S FEET COLLAPSED AND HE PLUMMETED DOWNWARD.





**EXACTLY, MR. SWEENEY, AND NOW, IF YOU WILL LEAD THE WAY BEHIND THIS SIGN I HAVE HERE... I WILL SHOW YOU OUR INTRIGATE UNDERGROUND NETWORK.**

**BUT WHY? WHY ALL THIS?**

**AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. SWEENEY, WE GOT THE IDEA FROM A COMIC MAGAZINE! IN... NOTICE THAT THERE IS A STEEL TRAP DOOR BENEATH EACH BRASS LOCATION. ALL THIS ELIMINATED DRINKING, YOU SEE!**

**THAT'S WHY THE MOON SUNG DOWN! EX... YOU SAY YOU GOT THE IDEA FROM A COMIC MAGAZINE?**

**YES! A HORROR MAGAZINE. 'TALES FROM THE CRYPT', I BELIEVE. IN IT WAS A STORY CALLED 'MIDNIGHT MESS!' UP THOSE STAIRS, PLEASE.**

**'MIDNIGHT MESS'? WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?**

**IT WAS ABOUT AN ORGANIZATION OF VAMPIRES WHO ESTABLISHED A RESTAURANT WHERE THEY COULD GET THE BLOOD THEY NEEDED THROUGH THAT DOOR. PLEASE.**

**THE GRATEFUL HORROR?? VAMPIRES??**

**OH, NO, MR. SWEENEY. WE MERELY APPLIED THE STORY TO OUR OWN NEEDS. ALL WE DID WAS BUY THIS HOUSE, AND... IN THERE, PLEASE...**

**GOOD LORD?**

**THERE WERE TWENTY OR THIRTY OF THEM... SITTING ABOUT THE HIDE BANGSNET TABLE... PATTING THEIR MOUTHS WITH THEIR NAPKINS...**

**MEET THE 'GRATEFUL HORROR, OUTCASTS AND UNWANTEDS' LAYAWAY SOCIETY, MR. SWEENEY. WE ARE WHAT OUR INITIALS STAND FOR.**

**GHOULS**

**'AHH, HEE, HEE!' SEE, BOOM, BEAN! STICK 'EM IN THE ARSE CAN! 'SEE BONES ARE PICKED CLEAN!' 'YES, YES! THAT'S THE ORGANIZATION'S GUESSE, CREEPY! NO CHOKING! AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO PUT OUT THE FIRE UNDER MY GRIDDY CAULDRON AND CLOSE THE DOOR TO MY REERING RESTAURANT FOR FARTY TERROR TEE-BITS. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE WALK OF HORROR. TILL THEN, GET YOUR DINER'S WORTH! READ THIS WHOLE MAGAZINE AGAIN! I DARE YOU!**



# FREE..10 HITLER STAMPS



## 10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

**M**AIL coupons at once. We'll send you this interesting set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values—**NO COST TO YOU.**

These valuable stamps were issued by the shattered nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming **SCARCE.** And soon the nation is no longer in existence—no more stamps can be issued. Our supply is limited. So, don't wait for more than one set.

### FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the **FREE** Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—**PLUS** a **FREE** copy of our helpful, informative book "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for **FOURTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.**

This **Free** Book also contains expert advice on collecting; shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them, trade them; how to start a stamp club, running stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing old stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; famous events, etc.

### MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry! It goes with the 10 Hitler Stamps **FREE.** This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. F-8-C, Littleton, New Hampshire. Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.



**Supply Limited  
Mail Coupon At Once!**



**LITTLETON STAMP CO.,  
DEPT. F-8-C, LITTLETON, N. H.**

Send—**AT NO COST TO ME**—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name

Address

City  State

# AT LAST! A CHROME RESTORER THAT WORKS!



**Amazing new 2-way chrome protector wipes away rust — pits — corrosion — in just 2 minutes! Stops rust from forming! Keeps chrome mirror-bright!**

Now keep your bumpers, grillwork, window-frames, all chrome on your car sparkling bright as the day you bought it! Keep it rust-free for life! No matter how badly pitted or scarred, this sensational new 2-Way Chrome Protector wipes it Mirror-Bright, prevents new rust and corrosion from forming!

**\$2**

**ONE APPLICATION LASTS ENTIRE SEASON**—gives you safe, fool-proof protection against vicious biting erosions of **SALT AIR—SUN—RAIN—SLEET**—etc. **101 USES**—for fishing reels, boat trims, bicycles, sporting equipment, etc. Household appliances, farm equipment, toys, any chromed object, etc.

Complete Chrome Protector Kit contains:

- 1—Bottle of **RUST REMOVER** chemical with special applicator. Enough to remove all rust from car.
- 2—Can of **PROTECTOR** chrome rust preventer and applicator. Enough for years of safe protection.

**RESULTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!**

Enclose \$2, check or money order with name and address. C.O.D. orders plus postal charges. Get Your Chrome Kit Now!



**H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. EC-7**  
405 MADISON AVE. New York 17, N. Y.

**H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, Inc. Dept. EC-7**  
405 MADISON AVE.

New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me (     ) **CHROME KITS** at \$2.00 each. It is understood that you guarantee excellent results or I may return package within 10 days for a refund of my purchase price.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

(     ) Send C.O.D. I will pay post-man on delivery plus postage and handling charges. (You save approximately 57c by enclosing \$2.00 in cash, check or money order.)

**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!  
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

# MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM  
**MASON LEATHER JACKETS**

**Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outlet!**  
NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making spare-time business! As our men in your community you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsetide, Capetide, Bards and other fine leather jackets — customly known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling in taverns and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, mechanics, cab drivers, gardeners, gas station, construction, and high school men — a whole lot right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And so we say: "You offer them special jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford!" Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

**SOFT AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH  
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!**

Birds live in cold areas who work and dress their own. For men's jackets — Sheepskin, warm Horsetide leather parka (coat) with easy Sheepskin, and new Sheepskin work shirt also warmly lined with heavy Sheepskin and made with all-weather wool and leather warm suit!

## Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Warm and Air-Condition Shoes for business men's, work styles for men and women. Air-Condition Shoes are given wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. Air-Condition shoes in your store, you actually feature more shoes in a given range of sizes and weights than the largest store in town! And all too, shoes from America's greatest shoe maker in the world (the "Shoe King") are being advertised, too — all styles and colors are given perfect! And the exceptional men who make up to \$100.00 a month and are very handy to wear and garments in wholesale prices!

## Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon below — it is rich, free powerful Free Order, and it helps you in getting the most Air-Condition Shoes made by BEST TUFFS! You need no credit, nothing to spend. \$10.00, \$20.00, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00, \$60.00, \$70.00, \$80.00, \$90.00, \$100.00, \$110.00, \$120.00, \$130.00, \$140.00, \$150.00, \$160.00, \$170.00, \$180.00, \$190.00, \$200.00, \$210.00, \$220.00, \$230.00, \$240.00, \$250.00, \$260.00, \$270.00, \$280.00, \$290.00, \$300.00, \$310.00, \$320.00, \$330.00, \$340.00, \$350.00, \$360.00, \$370.00, \$380.00, \$390.00, \$400.00, \$410.00, \$420.00, \$430.00, \$440.00, \$450.00, \$460.00, \$470.00, \$480.00, \$490.00, \$500.00, \$510.00, \$520.00, \$530.00, \$540.00, \$550.00, \$560.00, \$570.00, \$580.00, \$590.00, \$600.00, \$610.00, \$620.00, \$630.00, \$640.00, \$650.00, \$660.00, \$670.00, \$680.00, \$690.00, \$700.00, \$710.00, \$720.00, \$730.00, \$740.00, \$750.00, \$760.00, \$770.00, \$780.00, \$790.00, \$800.00, \$810.00, \$820.00, \$830.00, \$840.00, \$850.00, \$860.00, \$870.00, \$880.00, \$890.00, \$900.00, \$910.00, \$920.00, \$930.00, \$940.00, \$950.00, \$960.00, \$970.00, 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